

Literary & Musical MAGAZINE.

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MUSICAL SKETCHES.—No. XII. ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Dr. Crotch's second Lecture on Music concluded.—
Tho poetry is not now absolutely essential to music, yet the expression of mere instrumental music is inarticulate, ambiguous, and indeterminate, and can convey neither ideas nor meaning, and, without the assistance of poetry or words, is unintelligible—like an unknown language, or a language of adjectives without substantives. Even professed imitations frequently required the explanatory aid of poetry before the intended imitation could be recognized or perceived. Music being thus vague and unmeaning without words to identify and explain the intentions of the composer, the same air has been adapted to words of different, and even opposite, meanings, without any obvious impropriety. Tho painting has an advantage over music in its power of portraying and expressing the passions and objects, yet, on the other hand, music possesses the power of imitation or description in succession, while painting is conferr'd to a single point of time and situation. Dr. C. was of opinion that each musical key possessed peculiar powers of expression; and that, accordingly, the major key was appropriate to the expression of the lively and agreeable affections; and the minor, or flat, key, as peculiarly adapted to melancholy or mournful subjects; and altho this rule had not been strictly observed even by the great masters, yet Dr. C. thought that the effect would, in all cases, be heightened by adhering to it, and that it was always weakened, and often changed, when this rule was disregarded, frequently producing ideas quite contrary to the intention of the composer. Dr. C. agreed with Avison (on musical expression, p. 57.) that air and harmony are never to be deserted for the sake of expression, because expression is founded upon them. Composers, however, he observed, often ran into the opposite extreme, and for the sake of preserving beauty and grace, have sacrificed all expression. He took occasion to observe,

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that concert pitch had been gradually rising for the last century.

It certainly affords much matter of reasonable regret, that in Scotland, a country distinguished for its learning, and good taste in poetry and general literature, music in the liberal sense of the term, should be so little cultivated, and so much less understood. The reason of this is, not that the people of this country are less sensible to music than their neighbors; but that, not being generally aware of the full scope of the art, its real dignity, and its true principles, music is too often considered by them as merely an amusement, of little interest, and of still less importance. Perhaps there is no country in the world, where the prejudice in favor of national music is carried to so great a height as in Scotland. This is the more surprising at first view, because the Scots are, in other respects, a people singularly liberal and enlightened. But this phenomenon is not difficult of explanation. Accustomed from infancy to hear the rude, tho often expressive melodies of his native country; taught to cherish them with almost idolatrous veneration, and to listen with contempt, if not aversion, to all other music, the Scotsman's disinclination to foreign compositions 'grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength;' and, unless this gradual perversion of mind be early counteracted by some favorable circumstances, prejudice at last degenerates into antipathy so deeply rooted, as to defy equally the highest powers of musical genius to affect the feelings, and the utmost strength of argument to enlighten the understanding.

Fortunately, however, the aversion to foreign compositions, (which are all indiscriminately and improperly classed under the reproachful title, 'Italian music,') is by no means universal in Scotland. In that country, there are to be found some lovers of music, whose knowledge and critical sagacity in the science are eminently conspicuous.

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Haydn, if he has not surpassed his great predecessor Handel, in feeling and devotional character of his sacred songs, and the dignity, contrivance, and massive effect of his chorusses, was yet certainly superior to him in grace, refinement, and knowledge of orchestra effects. The great extent and wonderful versatility of Haydn's genius will be apparent to those who study and understand his inimitable instrumental quartetts and symphonies, together with the many admirable pieces which he composed for the church, the chamber, and the theatre. Haydn was equally master of all styles—the comic and the serious, the beautiful and the sublime, were, at all times, at the command of this truly great man; whose refined taste and judgment, were combined with an imagination at once fiery, active, and vigorous, and knowledge the most profound and matured.

Haydn was born at Rohran, in Austria, the 31st of March, 1732. His father was a poor but respectable mechanic; and having himself a great inclination to music, indulged that of his son without restraint. He was removed to Vienna in the 8th year of his age, to supply a vacancy in the choir of St. Stephen's cathedral. Haydn's father having refused to suffer an unnatural preservation of his son's voice, the chapel master was so revengeful and barbarous, as to render some boyish trick of the young musician, a pretext for turning him out almost naked at night, and in the month of November. After struggling for some time with the miseries of poverty, and the disadvantages of obscurity, the rising splendor of Haydn's talents attracted the notice of prince Esterhazy, who in March 1760, appointed him second composer in his chapel. On the death of Werner, the prince's chapel master, and the friend and instructor of Haydn, the latter rose to that situation, in which he had leisure to prosecute his studies, and to compose most of those quartetts and symphonies which have been so justly admired.

Haydn was advised by Gluck to visit Italy, but this his slender means would not permit. Had he travelled in that favored country of the arts, he might perhaps have surpassed even Mozart himself, in graceful and refined melody.* Haydn studied under several masters; and in private, examined with the greatest attention the works of C. P. E. Bach, which seem to have been the models on which he formed his earlier compositions.

There is a very striking change and improvement in the style of his later productions, which have established his reputation over all Europe, as a composer of the most refined taste and profound knowledge.

On the death of the prince Esterhazy in 1790, Haydn came to England for the first time, and in the meridian of his fame. He repeated his visit in 1797, and each time remained 18 months. Here he composed among other pieces his exquisite canzonets, and the well-known and unrivalled symphonies for the Hanover-Square concerts. During his second journey to England, where he received the utmost respect and attention, a monument was erected to him at Rohran by the count de Harrach. Honorable distinctions were heaped upon him by almost every academy in Europe. The university of Oxford received him as a member in 1793—the academy of Stockholm in 1798—the society of Felix Meritis of Amsterdam in 1801—the institute of France in 1802—the Philharmonic society of Laybach in 1805—the *societe des Enfants d'Apollon* at Paris in 1807—and the Philharmonic society of St. Petersburg in 1808. There were three medals struck in honor of Haydn; one by the national institute of France; one by the *societe d'Apollon*; and one by the Philharmonic society of St. Petersburg. The late lord Nelson, with the true enthusiasm of genius, requested from Haydn as a favor, one of the pens which that great composer had used, and in return presented him with the valuable watch that he wore. After the year 1806, Haydn was unable from debility to leave his house, which was in one of the suburbs of Vienna. On the 27th of March, 1808, a number of persons of both sexes, of the first rank in Vienna, assisted by eminent professors, performed Haydn's Creation, in the presence of the venerable composer himself, who was completely overcome by the extraordinary marks of respect and kindness which were lavished upon him on this occasion.

He retired from this performance penetrated with the most lively sentiments of pleasure at the willing tribute of esteem which had just been paid to his exalted merit.

On the 31st of May, 1808, he expired full of years and honor, universally admired and regretted.

The private disposition and character of this extraordinary man were of the most amiable description. To his singular diffidence and gentleness, were added a moral character the most irreproachable. He possessed great natural intelligence and acuteness, altho an entire devotion to the study of his art, left him but little time for the prosecution of general information.

* The following scarce general list of the greater part of Haydn's works may prove acceptable to the musical reader—118 symphonies—163 sonatas, composed for the baritone, a kind of small violincello—44 sonatas for the piano forte, with and without accompaniments—24 concertos for different instruments—83 quatuors—24 trios—13 airs in 4 parts—a number of pieces in 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 parts, for various instruments—85 canons—42 simple songs—accompaniments and ritornelli for 365 Scottish airs—a great number of dances and waltzes—20 operas, fifteen of them Italian, and five German—5 oratorios—15 masses—some te deums, and other pieces for the church.

Translated from the German for this Magazine.

When the Rev. Mr. Felton found that his first organ concertos were well received, he opened a subscription for a second sett, and begged of Brown to solicit Mr. Handel's permission to insert his name in the list. Brown, who had been in great favor with Handel the winter before, when he led the oratorios, remembering how civilly he had been attended by him to the door, and how carefully cautioned, after being heated by a crowded room and hard labor at the rehearsal in Brook St. not to stir out without a chair, had no doubt of his success; but, upon mentioning to him Felton's request, as delicately as possible, one morning when he was being shaved, by telling him that he was a clergyman, who being about to publish some concertos by subscription, was extremely ambitious of the honor of his name and acceptance of a book, merely to grace his list without involving him in the least expence. Handel, putting the barber's hand aside, got up in a fury, and with his face still in lather, cries out with great vehemence, 'Tamm your seluf, and go to der teufel—a barson make concertos, why dont he make sarmons, &c.' In short, Brown seeing him in such a rage, with razors in his reach, got out of the room as fast as possible, lest he should have used them in a more barbarous way than would have been safe—Indeed he had a thorough contempt for all composers at that time, from Dr. Green down to Harry Bur-

gess; for after being long an inhabitant of England, he used to say, 'when I came here first, I found among the English, many good players, and no composers, but now they are all composers, and no players.'

Handel's government of singers was certainly somewhat despotic, for when madame Cuzzoni insolently refused to sing his admirable air, *Falsa Imagine*, in *Otho*, he told her that he always knew she was a *very devil*, but that he should now let her know, in her turn, that he was *Beelzebub*, the prince of devils. And then, taking her round the waist, swore if she did not immediately obey his orders, he would throw her out of the window!

In 1749 a *bon mot* of lord Chesterfield was handed about by a nobleman, who going one night to the oratorio at Covent Garden, met his lordship coming out of the theatre. 'What, my lord, are you dismissed? is there no oratorio to night?' 'Yes' says his lordship, 'they are now performing, but I thought it best to retire lest I should disturb the king in his privacies.'

H. JR.

THE THREE CORNERED HAT.

Benjamin Austin, one of the few surviving "hearts of oak" of our revolution, still adheres to the old practice of wearing the three cocked hat of that period. He was a candidate for office during the late Boston election, and the muse has given us the subjoined treat upon the occasion. It throws the mind insensibly back to the period of political honesty and patriotic virtue.

I like the old man with the three-corner'd hat,
It reminds me of seventy-five,
When the hearts of our fathers went pat, pit a pat,
And liberty scarce was alive.

I like the old man with the three-corner'd hat,
And the honest old visage that shows under that;
It bids me remember the tale I have heard,
The aged report of old time,
When the ship Massachusetts by Hancock was steer'd
And the three-cornered hat was no crime,

I like, &c.

He puts me in mind of a sturdy old oak,
That has weather'd the rude pelting blast;
Tho a limb by rude lightning was torn off and broke,
The well rooted trunk holds it fast.

I like, &c.

I like the old trunk, for its scions will prove
An honor to liberty's shore,
The ornament, beauty, and pride of the grove,
When the storm-shatter'd oak is no more.

I like, &c.

Love sheds no more his genial ray.

A NEW SONG BY A LADY.



Love sheds no more his



ge - nial ray, My du - bious path of life to light!



That star which pro - mis'd end - less day, Is set, a-las! in endless night! Is



set, a-las! in end-less night.

II.

No tone of kindness meets my ear,
No smile of joy delights my eye;
Unmark'd I shed the silent tear,
Unpitied breathe the burning sigh.

III.

The fond embrace....the humid kiss....
The rapt'rous meeting!....all is o'er!....
NEGLECT supplants each thought of bliss!
And Laura can be blest no more.

LITERARY & MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26, 1819.

PUBLIC DUNNING.

The practice of public dunning subscribers for their arrearages we have always reprobated—and of course no example of the kind can be found in our columns—The patrons of this paper have always received our acknowledgments for their prompt payment—and we repeat it again, that, with a few solitary exceptions, no establishment of the kind has had less cause of complaint on this head—But, notwithstanding the daily increase of our subscription list, the aggregate number is yet so small, that a few *delinquencies* are sorely felt, and often put us to great difficulty in procuring the necessary quantity of *paper* only—Those therefore, who have been so repeatedly called upon for the pittance of one dollar, will prove their *patronage* by discharging the sum as soon as possible.

We will close these remarks by renewing our earnest solicitation to those persons who are acquainted with the character of the work, to recommend it to their friends and acquaintances, with a view to induce them to augment the means of its support, so very necessary to its existence.

The following is the French Song promised in our last, which for beauty of thought is seldom surpassed; but whether Maria Louisa feels the force of the poet's sentiments, remains yet to be determined.

ROMANCE DE MARIE LOUISE.

Helas! j'ai perdu le bonheur,
Adieu le charme de ma vie,
Ne pense pas que je t'oublie;
O mon epoux, mon empereur!
Malgré le sort, le sort infame,
Malgré tes ennemis jaloux,
J'aurai toujours dans le fond de mon âme,
Mon fils, la France, et mon époux!

La perte d'un trône aussi grand,
N'est pas ce qui me désespère,
Le premier sceptre de la terre;
A mes yeux n'a rien d'attrayant,
Mais d'un héros être la femme,
Fut-il jamais un rang plus doux,
J'aurai toujours, &c.

Un jour si le ciel le permet,
A toi je serai réunie,
Cet espoir dont je suis nourrie;
Dissipe un douloureux regret,
Tu verra quoique l'on m'en blâme,
Du sort malgré les rudes coups,
Que j'ai toujours, &c.

Ce fils qui fait tout mon espoir,
Souvent vient essuyer mes larmes,
Mais qu'il redouble mes alarmes,
Sitôt qu'il demande à te voir!

Au nom d'Anglais son coeur s'enflamme,
Il s'agite, il entre en courroux,
Et veut déjà dans le fond de son âme,
Venger la France et mon epoux!

Français! peuple aimable et vaillant!
Qu'un seul jour trahit la victoire,
Vous serez toujours de la gloire,
L'amant cheri, l'amant constant!
Mais gardez bien cette oriflamme,
Cet aigle qui veille sur vous,
Et conservez dans le fond de votre âme,
Mon fils, la France, et mon epoux!

(Translated for this Magazine.)

Alas! deprived of every degree of human felicity, I bid an eternal adieu to those objects which alone could give a zest to my existence, yet, think not, my spouse! my emperor! that your remembrance shall ever be obliterated from my mind! In vain, have thy enemies proclaimed thy destiny infamous—In defiance of their envious taunts,—

—I shall ever cherish in the inmost recesses of my soul, the remembrance of my son, my country and my husband.

It is not the loss of a mighty throne which thus distresses me—The first sceptre in the universe has nothing, in my esteem attractive—to be the wife of a hero was always by me considered the most desirable of all stations— And I shall &c.

At a future period, by the blessing of heaven, I shall again be reunited to thee—This fondly cherished hope dissipates, in some degree my bitter reflections, and in despite of all the frowns and changes of fortune, it will be seen that— I shall &c.

This son, who is the foundation of all my hopes often endeavors to stop my tears, but constantly renews my anguish, when he asks why you are absent and desires to see you—at the very name of your foes, his heart is enflamed, his feelings overcome him—And he wishes from the inmost recesses of his soul to avenge the injuries of his country and the isolation of his father.

Frenchmen! generous and brave—Altho by a fortuitous turn of fortune, you have been deprived of victory, yet you will ever be the constant friends and lovers of glory. Rekindle the embers of your native flame, and foster that eagle whose wings have been expanded over you—

—And preserve in the inmost recesses of your soul, my son, your country and my spouse.

CRESSWICK.

Cresswick, tho a teacher of elocution, was a most miserable orator himself, as he was incapable of pronouncing the letter *R*, which rendered some of his speeches truly laughable, particularly in 'Venice Preserved,' *'yats die in holes and coyneys ---dogs yun mad---man has a nobley yemedy than death, yevenge,' &c.*

THE WIFE.

"Heaven, in creating woman, seemed to say to man, behold either the torment or delight of your present and future existence. Give a direction to this being, calculated, by the extreme pliancy of her mind, to receive all the impressions you may wish to bestow on her. It is another self which I offer you—in taking charge of her, you ought, in a certain degree, identify her with yourself. Her breast sustains and nourishes us—her hands direct our earliest steps—her gentle voice teaches us to lisp our first expressions—she wipes away the first tears we shed, and to her we are indebted for our chief pleasures. In fact, nature seems to have confided man to her continual care—the cradle of infancy is her peculiar charge, and her kind compassion smooths the bed of death."

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband, under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine which had long twined its graceful foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunder-bolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs: so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. 'I can wish you no better lot,' said he, with enthusiasm, 'than to have a wife and children—if you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you.' And, indeed, I

have observed that married men falling into misfortune, are more apt to retrieve their situation in the world than single men; partly because they are more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon them for subsistence; but chiefly because their spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and their self respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love, of which they are monarchs. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These reflections call to mind the following *Domestic Story*, of which I was a witness:—

LESLIE AND MARY,

A Tale.

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house!
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet bed's not sweeter."

My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies, that spread a kind of witchery about the sex—'Her life,' said he, 'shall be like a fairy tale.'

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination: he was of a romantic, and somewhat serious, cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him, seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the mishap of my friend, however, to have embarked his fortune in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable, was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me *cr* day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I enquired, ‘does your wife know all this?’—At the question he burst into an agony of tears. ‘For God’s sake,’ cried he, ‘if you have any pity on me, don’t mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness?’

“And why not?” said I. “She must know it sooner or later: you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve, but feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.”

“Oh! but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how am I to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart, it will break her heart.”

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

‘But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay,’ observing a pang to pass across his countenance, ‘don’t let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—’

‘I could be happy with her,’ cried he convulsively, ‘in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—GOD bless her!—GOD bless her!’ cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

(To be concluded in our next No.)

The Nabob.—The late sir Thomas Rumbold, it is said, was an under waiter with the late sir Robert Macreth at a gaming house, in London, where the latter gained his fortune and married the daughter of one of the proprietors. On the former’s return from the East Indies, the following lines appeared in one of the London prints:

Says Bob to Tom, ‘come clean my shoes.’
Tom humbly answers—‘Yea, Bob.’
But when return’d from India’s clime,
Tom sternly cries out—‘NAY BOB.’

THE BONDS OF AFFECTION.

The dews of night may fall from heaven,
 Upon the wither'd rose's bed,
 And tears of fond regret be given,
 To mourn the virtues of the dead:
 But morning's breeze the dews will dry,
 And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,
 Affection's pangs be lull'd to sleep,
 And even love forget to weep.

The tree may mourn the fallen leaf,
 And autumn's winds bewail its bloom,
 And friends may heave the sighs of grief
 O'er those that sleep within the tomb;
 But soon will spring renew the flowers,
 And time will bring more smiling hours;
 In friendship's heart all grief will die,
 And even love forget to sigh.

The sea may on the desert shore,
 Lament each trace it wears away;
 The lonely heart its wail may pour
 O'er cherish'd friendship's fast decay:
 But when all trace is lost and gone,
 The waves dance bright and lightly on!
 Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,
 And even love forgets to mourn.

The Dandies to the Ladies.

While folly's shrine attracts the fair,
 Blame not the beaux who worship there;
 If gods for you took meaner shapes,
 No wonder we descend to apes.
 Let beauty shine on worth alone,
 And fops and fools will scarce be known.

A bank run away.—The United States' branch bank at Louisville, some time ago, had a large quantity of specie conveyed to a boat in the night. A negro man was employed to assist in loading the wagon. In the morning he said to his master, 'massa, you got any uncle Sam's notes?' Why, Cuffee? 'Because he run away last night—I help him off.'

*(By our Letter-Box.)***EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.**

On Tuesday afternoon, a carter, for a wager of three dollars, undertook to personally haul his cart, with half a cord of oak wood in it, a distance of nearly one square, being from the first wharf below Callowhill street, to his dwelling in Water near Vine street. The limited time was two hours, but he performed this surprising feat in one hour and a few minutes---He was allowed the assistance

of a boy of 10 years of age, whose part of the business was, as he hauled the cart in a ziz-zag direction, to place a piece of wood behind the wheels.

AN EYE WITNESS.**ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.***Cabbage vs. Wine and Brandy.*

An article lately appeared in the public papers, stating that Cabbage was an antidote to intoxication.

A rubicund alderman and a ditto knight of the anvil met in a public house in this city, and the former happening to read the article alluded to, proposed to M-L---to try the experiment. 'I will,' said he, 'send to your house as much wine as I am confident will, at any time, make me drunk,--- You on the other hand will drink brandy'---'I'll be d---d, if I do any such foolish action,' replied Vulcan, 'for what, in the d---l's name is the use of drinking liquors at all, unless for the purpose of getting drunk?'
 E. W.

(UNALTERABLE.)

We have repeatedly published in this paper, that no letters are taken out of the Post-Office for the editor unless post paid, and again renew the notice to save the trouble of others, and ourselves the disagreeable necessity of refusing unpaid letters almost every day of the week---there are now a number remaining in the Post-office.

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